

Johnny boy by lenaismad

Series: Eleven Days of Harringrove [5]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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Summary:

In which Billy kisses Steve and people do not approve.

Johnny boy

Author's Note:

Based on Johnny boy by twenty one pilots.

This one kind of sucks. In fact, it's extremely shitty [see, I need to write these during the night, then they turn out half decent] but I don't really have all that much time today and, well, writing this was kind of a way to justify hardcore procrastination. I still really like the song.

Billy was drunk. Not wasted, not yet, but definitely tipsy enough to gain the courage he needed to stand up and do it. With alcohol numbing his senses and any signs of good judgment vaporizing into thin air, he walked up to Steve fucking Harrington and kissed him – kissed him right in the middle of the goddamn party, for everyone to see and judge and frown, because Steve Harrington was not gay. For someone who did not swing Billy's way, Steve did kiss back with rather a lot of enthusiasm. But, of course, Steve was wasted, so he was excused – how could he not be? He was the King of Hawkins, he could kick kittens and people would still kiss his ass. Billy on the other hand... he was not let off the hook so easily.

The news spread quickly. Very few people dared call him out on it – admittedly, very few people were stupid enough to cross him, well, unless they had a death with, but he wasn't blind. He could see people whispering, could see them giving him discreet glances when they thought he wasn't looking as if he were some gruesome attraction in a goddamn freak show. Hawkins was a small town – the kind of town where where anything even slightly out of the ordinary would cause a commotion. Just look at the whole ordeal the Eleven kid had caused, and then very few people even knew something was going on. Billy Hargrove kissing a boy? That was sensational, scandalous.

When Billy's father found out, it was like all hell was let loose. He would have thrown Billy out had Susan not intervened. Susan, for some reason, was sympathetic – she was so fucking nice about it. She came into his room and spoke in hushed tone, quietly so Neil

wouldn't hear. She sat on the edge of Billy's bed and stoked his hair while she told him he had the right to like whoever he wanted, she told him not to let anyone tell him otherwise, she told him to do whatever he had to to be happy. Then she leaned down and kissed his temple. For the first time since he'd met her, she was a mom, not the obedient second wife she presented herself as. She carefully closed the door, and Billy was unsure if he wanted her to go or stay and tell him life was going to be okay for a little bit longer.

He decided to stay home the next day. He was sick and tired of being the main spectacle of the town. He just wanted a few moments to himself – to think, to sort out the avalanche of self-loathing thoughts that had been polluting his mind for way too long now. What was so wrong about a boy liking a boy? He had been in denial for months, years even, stuffing everything down, down, down, but why the hell was he supposed to change who he was? Just because people disapproved? Didn't he have the right to be happy? Sure, he could find himself a girl, he could marry her, he could grow old with a pretty wife by his side, but did he really want to spend his life pretending to be something he wasn't? Why couldn't he kiss Steve Harrington and not be looked down upon? Why couldn't he fall in love with a boy and not be frowned at? He was done pretending.

He made himself breakfast. He sat in silence as he pushed the food around on the plate. He brought a mug of coffee into his room, set it down onto his bedside table. He turned on the stereo, turned the volume up, up, up until music drowned out every poisonous thought from his head.

And then, in the brief moment of nothingness between the end of a song and beginning of the next, he heard his window rattle. He shot up from the bed, knocking over the mug, spilling the dark liquid onto the rug. "Fuck," he cursed, "Fuck." His father was going to kill him, skin him alive if he saw thing. "Fuck."

Another knock on the window. He turned around just to be met by crouched down Steve Harrington, smiling at him apologetically. "Sorry," he mouthed, then gestured for Billy to open the window.

He did, stepping back to make enough room for Steve to get inside.

"Hey," Steve said, scratching the back of his head, admiring Billy's room. There wasn't much to it, but an unmistakable feeling of Billy was heavily present, adding a certain level of hominess to the small space.

"What are you doing here?" Billy asked, not even waiting for an answer before walking out of the room to fetch something to clean up the coffee with before it could stain too badly, though he feared it was already too late for that.

Steve followed him, watched as he filled a bucket with water and soap. "You didn't come to school today," Steve said as Billy pulled a towel out of a drawer. "I wanted to talk to you. I've been meaning to talk to you for a long time actually."

"About what?" Billy asked, playing oblivious though he knew very well what Steve had in mind. He had hoped against hope that he'd just let his little stunt go. He was out of luck, it seemed. Billy pulled his lips into a tight line and slipped around Steve and back into his room.

"Billy..." Steve sighed, sat down onto Billy's bed, made himself comfortable. He rested his cheek in his palm as he watched Billy's desperate attempts at getting the coffee out of the carpet. "I wouldn't mind, you know?"

"Mind what?" Billy asked, now confused, though he never lifted his eyes from the stain.

"Kissing you again," Steve admitted. "Really, people are assholes, making a big deal out of it."

"Don't you like girls?" Billy asked, wringing the towel into the bucket.

"Boys, girls. Who even cares?" Steve sighed dismissively, masking the hammering in his chest behind a mask of apathetic unconcern.

"Everyone cares, Steve."

Steve hummed, getting up from the bed. He squatted down next to Billy, taking his face in between his fingers, turning it to meet his eyes. "I want to kiss you, okay? I like you just as much as you like me, and

don't even think about trying to deny it. Fuck people, fuck everyone. I'm not leaving you on your own in this one."

"Why?" Billy asked, knitting his brows into a frown.

"Because," Steve said, leaning down, "I can."

The collision of their lips left Billy breathless.